DESTINY AND VICTUALS.

Fair woman, could your soul but view.
The intimate relation
'Twixt food and fate, there'd be a new
And higher dispensation;
Could you but see, for "destiny,"
A synonym in "dinners,"
And what the kitchen's alchemy
Could make of mortal sinners,
You'd leave odd fads and learn to bake
A loaf and cook a "tater,"
To roast a joint or broil a steak,
Than which no art is greater.

What deeds of fame are left undone,
What thoughts are left unspoken,
What waiting laurels ne'er are won,
What grand resolves are broken,
Because of soggy bread and pies
And viands spoiled in broiling,
Of sickly tarts and greasy fries,
And coffee left a-boiling.

For, though with fortitude he braves
The terror's dread of battle,
While, proud, aloft his standard waves
And round him bullets rattle.
Man often fails of noblest aims,
Unconscious of his power,
When pills and potions press their claims
In some dyspeptic hour.
Mayhap 'tis said "He lacks the 'grit'
Or genius essential"
By critics, blind, with all their wit,
To causes inferential.
But "grit" and genius are naught
When nature's distillations
In ignorant alembic wrought
Into abomination
Are set before him day by day,
More fitting a collation
Mere brutish cravings to allay
Than for man's delectation.

"Man cannot live by bread alone,"
'Tis well and wisely spoken,
But make that bad, he'll die unknown
And give the world no token
Of high ambition's potencies
Or genius' slumb'ring fires
Inbred in him through galaxies
Of grand illustrious sires.

Then all ye dames and maidens fair
Who burn with high ambition,
Who crave to nobly do your share
To better man's condition,
You'd give us, could your soul but view
The intimate relation
'Twixt food and fate, ere long, a new
And higher dispensation.
—Household.

CASE OF PLAGIARISM.

A young couple stood on the bank opposite the Gadfly contemplating that small boathouse with something less than a feeling of ownership than they had hitherto experienced. A fiery little steamer went up the river, and the waves, taking advantage of the confusion, ran and kissed the green bank and were off again before the green bank had time to protest. From the top deck of the Gadfly came a song to the ears of Mr. Stewart, of Throgmorton street, and of young Mrs. Stewart, that they were beginning to know quite well, albeit Miss Bagge, the singer, had only been there since the morning. Miss Bagge accompanied herself on the banjo, and accompanied herself all wrong:

"I'm a little Alabarmer coon,
Ain't been born very long."

"I wonder," said little Mrs. Stewart—"I wonder, now, how many more times she's going to play that?"

"My dear love," said Mr. Stewart, sitting down on the bank.

"Don't call me your dear love, Henry, until that dreadful girl is gone."

"My dear Mrs. Stewart, what can I do? I can't treat her as we brokers treat a stranger who happens to stroll into the house, can I? You wouldn't care for me to catch hold of her and mash her hat in and hustle her out of the place."

"I shouldn't. All you have to do is to be distant with her."

"One can't be very distant on a small houseboat."

"I believe you like Miss Bagge still," said Mrs. Stewart.

"I don't mind her when she's still," said Mr. Stewart. "It's when she bobs about and plays that da—"

"Henry, dear!"

"Plays that banjo of hers that she makes me hot."

The shrill voice came across the stream:

"Hush a bye, don't you cry, mammy's little darling;
Papa's gwine to smack you if you do."

"Boat ahoy," called Stewart.

The boy on the Gadfly came up from somewhere and pulled over to them and conveyed them to the houseboat. Miss Bagge, looking down from between the Chinese lanterns, gave a little shriek of delight as their boat bumped at the side of the Gadfly.

"Oh, you newly married people," she cried, archly, as she bunched up her skirts and came skittishly down the steps; "where have you been? Leaving poor little me alone with my music for such a time."

"Did you say music, Miss Bagge?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Stewart. My banjo, you know."

"Oh!" said little Mrs. Stewart.

"Afraid you don't like plantation melodies, Mrs. Stewart."

"I used to think I did, Miss Bagge."

Stewart had gone along to get something iced to drink and something in the shape of a cigar to smoke.

"How things change, Mrs. Stewart, don't they? I'm sure it doesn't seem six years ago—hem—Mr. Stewart and I and ma and two or three others came up to Marlow. I think that was long before your day, before you came over from Melbourne, and we did really have the most exquisite time."

"Have you looked through the evening paper, Miss Bagge?" interrupted little Mrs. Stewart, hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, dear, I've looked through it twice. One or two most interesting cases."

"Where did you put it? I want to see what O'Brien has done for Middlesex."

"I've dropped it somewhere," said Miss Bagge. "Could the boy go up for my trunk before it gets dark? I left it at the station, and I shall have some more things down next week."

"Next week!"

Miss Bagge put her hand to her brown thin neck and gave a cough of half apology.

"If I stay longer I shall have to run up to town one day to do some shopping."

There was a pause. The rings of smoke from Stewart's cigar at the other end of the boat floated down by them. The boy below broke a few plates and danced a few steps of a breakdown to cover the noise.

"Dear Henry! How the scent of his cigar does remind me of old times! I remember so well that night at Marlow——"

"Miss Bagge, will you go and play something?"

Miss Bagge went obediently and strummed her banjo and mentioned once more that she was a little Alabama coon, and young Mrs. Stewart ran hurriedly to her husband.

"I'm going to quarrel with her," she said, breathlessly.

"That's right," said Henry, calmly; "anything to stop that row."

"I'm going to ask her to go back to town to-night, Henry."

"But, my dear, isn't that rather rude?"

"Of course it is. That's why I am doing it. You'll have to see her to the station."

The private row was quickly and quietly over. When the last word had been spoken the self-invited guest begged ten minutes to write a letter, and then she pronounced herself ready for Stewart's escort to the station.

"Sorry you are obliged to go, Miss Bagge," said Stewart politely.

"It's an important engagement," said Miss Bagge, trembling, "or I should have stayed. Good-by, dear Mrs. Stewart. I dare say we shall meet again soon."

Now an odd thing happened. As Stewart handed his charge into the boat a letter fell from her pocket on the deck of the Gadfly. Mrs. Stewart, in her usual good temper, now that her husband's old admirer was departing, called to her as soon as she noticed the letter; but Miss Bagge paid no attention. It almost seemed that she did not want to hear. When Mrs. Stewart picked it up and saw it was addressed to Henry Stewart, Esq., and marked "private and confidential," she opened it without a moment's hesitation.

"My Dearest Henry—It is so sweet to be near you again. Just as the wind sighs for the seashore so do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are and ever have been to me? You are indeed my king, and you know I am your willing slave. Yours faithfully,

"CONSTANCE BAGGE."

Young Mrs. Stewart sank down on a low deck chair and gasped and looked across at the two.

"Well," she said, "now this is fearful."

There would be a good half hour before Henry returned, and in that good half hour it was necessary to decide what was to be done. What was quite clear was that the creature must have had some encouragement to induce her to write such a letter, and—

"Why, she is taking his arm!" she cried.

Indeed, Miss Constance Bagge was resting her hand on the arm of Mrs. Stewart's husband. Henry was carrying her banjo, and, looking back, he laughingly waved it at his wife.

"Does this mean," asked Mrs. Stewart distractedly, "that they will never come back?"

The letter seemed to explain his slight deference in agreeing to the lady's dismissal; it explained, also, why when Miss Bagge had that morning made her unexpected appearance on the bank hailing the boy with a shrill "Hi!" Henry had only laughed very much.

Mrs. Stewart summoned the boy.

"Yes, mem, there is a trine up liter than this. It leaves Thames Ditton at eleven fifteen, and you get to good old Waterloo at about ten to twelve. And I wish to Gawd," added the boy piously, "that I was there nah. This plice is a lump too quiet for me."

That would give half an hour to speak her mind to Henry (if he did come back), just half an hour to extract from him a confession, and then rush for the last train up. At Waterloo she could take a cab to Uncle George's, and if Uncle George couldn't see her through, why, nobody could. Uncle George was an agent-general. He was a stern man, and treated everybody as severely as though they were his fellow-countrymen.

The white-flanneled figure came back to the river side.

"He has managed to say good-by, then?" said Mrs. Stewart fiercely. "I should like to have seen the parting."

Henry came on board and went straight to her, and with the assurance of new husbands, kissed her neck.

"She's an impossible creature," said Stewart. He sat down beside his wife and took an evening paper from his pocket. "I believe she took the extra away with her. I've had to buy another."

There was something in little Mrs. Stewart's throat that prevented her for the moment from starting her lecture.

"She wasn't so bad, you know," he went on, "in the old days. Of course I was a mere youth then. But now she's too terrible for words. I suppose if girls don't get married they get warped and changed."

"I want to speak to you, Henry," she said, steadily.

"Oh, bother that boy," he exclaimed. "We must get rid of him, dear; he's a nuisance."

"It wasn't about the boy."

"Not the boy? Well then— Hullo! Here's a funny case."

She went on very quietly:

"I want to speak to you very seriously, Henry, about a matter that has, by accident, come to my notice. I don't want to seem a bother too much about it, and I suppose if I were as free as some women are I shouldn't mind it in the least. But my mind is quite made up."

He was not listening, but her head was averted and she went on:

"I have left the keys in the bed-room, and my account book is totalled up to date, with the exception of the bill that came in to-day. There is no reason why we should have any high words."

"I beg your pardon, dear. I haven't heard a word you were saying."

He had found the news page in the evening paper and was reading with much interest a diverting breach of promise case.

"I was only saying"—she raised her voice to a pitch of distinctness—"that——"

"Look here; here's an idiotic letter the girl writes to the fellow."

"I don't want to hear it, thank you."

"Yes you do; listen, this is how it goes: 'Just as the wind sighs for the seashore, so do I sigh for you.' Why, the wind doesn't sigh for the seashore, does it?"

"Go on, please," she said, quickly; "read the rest of the letter. Is it really in the paper, Henry?"

"Look for yourself dear. It's too funny for words. 'So do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are and ever have been to me? You are indeed my king and you know that I am your willing slave.'"

"Why," cried Mrs. Stewart, "that's word for word the same."

"As what?"

"It doesn't matter, dear."

She took from her blouse the letter that the disappointed Miss Bagge, with deplorable lack of originality, had copied from the evening paper.

"Don't people do some silly things, Winifred, dear, when they are in love?"

She took a marguerite from the bowl on the table and stuck it in her hair. Then she tore up the letter and gave the pieces a little puff to send them out on the stream.

"I b'lieve you," said Mrs. Stewart.

"Shall you want to be rown across for that last trine, mem?" demanded the boy, putting his head out of a window, "or is the guv'nor going to do it?"

"The last train," echoed Mrs. Stewart, "why, of course not, James. Go to bed at once."

"That boy's quite mad," said Stewart, turning over a page of the paper to find the cricket; "we must get rid of him."—St. James' Budget.

His Criticism.

Professional art critics are by no means the only people whose opinions of pictures are worth hearing, as many an artist has found out. Michael Herlihy had his little shop insured in a popular company, and the agent presented him with a highly colored lithograph representing the burning of a block of buildings.

Mr. Herlihy surveyed the picture for some moments, muttering to himself the while. At last he turned a dissatisfied face upon the agent.

"It's moighty purty," he said, "but it's mesilf doesn't call it complate, sorr, not by anny means."

"Indeed," said the agent. "What is wanting, Mr. Herlihy?"

"There's the buildin's, all roight," said Michael, "an' there's the foire ingines, an' the ladders, an' the horses, an' the shmoke an' cinders. There's the payple runnin', an' the foiremen climbin' oop an' doon. But," said Mr. Herlihy, turning his back on the painted conflagration and confronting the insurance agent with an expression of strong discontent, "who iver in the woide wurrld saw a blither av that koind goin' on, an' not a bit av a dog anywhere to be sane on the sthrate, sorr? Who's the man 't painted that picther, O'id loike t' be tould?" concluded Mr. Herlihy, waxing scornful. "He's got a few things to l'arn before iver he'll be an artisht, Oi'm thinkin.'"

Dry Washing.

"Riding near the little placer mining settlement Dolores, in New Mexico," said a returned tourist, "I saw two Mexicans dry washing for gold, and their proceeding struck me as novel and interesting. They were at work in a dry gulch, without a sign of water in sight, and had brought the auriferous sand in baskets to the mouth of the ravine, where the wind blew strongly down the valey. Their washing apparatus consisted of a heavy army blanket, in the center of which they placed about a peck of the sand. Then, each Mexican taking hold of the blanket by the corners, they tossed the sand high aloft again and again. The wind blew away the fine sand, while the heavier particles with the gold fell straight into the blanket. When at last they paused there remained in the blanket a double handful of gravel and heavy sand in which glittered a few yellow specks of gold. As we rode on, my Mexican driver told me that the two men were probably making $3 or $4 a day during the time they worked, but that as soon as they had made their 'clean-up' they would go into Santa Fe or Cerrillos, sell their gold dust, and squander the last nickel they had in whisky and monte before they would go back to the gulch to work."

Queer Document

One of the queerest documents in the office of the county judge is a will on a piece of unpainted plank. It was a part of the wall. On a bed by the wall the man named John O'Brien died, but before he died he wrote on the plank in pencil these words: "Mrs. Arnold, God bless her, shall have all I leave." He left $500. The will is probably the most unhandy document to file in all of Duval county.—Florida Times-Union.

Presents to a Young Chinese Boy.

A newly born son in China is presented by its maternal grandfather with a pound of pork, twelve boiled hen's eggs, a branch of pomegranate, a hundred ducks' eggs, a hundred hens' eggs uncooked, while other relations add pork and vermicelli.

IN MANX LAND.

Ancient Customs, Government, and Tailless Cats of That Old Country.

The Isle of Man is only thirty-three miles long and twelve wide, so that it is not great labor to get over it; and, as two railroads run—one north to south and the other east to west—you can see how convenient it is to the visitor. Douglas, Port Erin, Peel, and Ramsey are the chief towns.

The Isle of Man, while belonging to the British crown, is neither English, Scotch, Irish, nor Welsh, but is a separate country, with a home rule government and a language of its own, says the Philadelphia Press, but yet with great loyalty to the imperial government and devotion to queen Victoria, for everywhere you go you see pictures of the royal family. The government is known as the "house of keys" and consists of twenty-four members, elected every seven years, but no person has a vote unless he possesses real estate to the value of £40, or occupation of the value of £60 per year, and women are also entitled to vote. The court of Tynwald, presided over by the lieutenant governor, is composed of the council, which embraces the bishop, attorney general, two judges, the clerk of the rolls, water bailiff, and the vicar general. This council and the house of keys are the active government of the Isle of Man.

There is one feature of special interest in reference to the laws, and that is that all laws passed by the house of keys are sent for the royal assent, and when that has been secured then the law must be formally read in the English and Manx language on Tynwald hill in the open air, where the council and the keys united form a Tynwald court, before they become laws. This form of reading the law at Tynwald is the oldest style on record; was old in 1417, and has been continued ever since. The 5th day of July in each year is the day of public proclamation of the laws passed by the house of keys.

The coat of arms of this isle is three legs of a man in a circle. The motto, translated, reads: "Whithersoever thrown, I shall stand." The Manxmen apparently rather enjoy the three-legged crest, for everywhere you turn your face, whether at a steamboat, a railroad, a coach, a flag, or on the windows of the stores, there you see the three legs.

I had read of the Manx cats without tails, and thought it a joke; but, sure enough, the cats here are without tails, and I saw several without that graceful member. Some ladies of our party who had not seen the Manx cat were rather doubtful of the truth of our report, and we had to accompany them to the house where the cat lived, and after a close examination came away believers in the tailless cat. I don't think pussy is improved by the absence of the tail. Some people say this strange act of nature extends to the dogs also.

The Manx language, like the ancient language of Ireland, is fast passing away, and in a generation it will be one of the dead languages, enjoyed only by scholars.

Beggary and Superstition.

Begging is a regular trade in many parts of the world. Some who practice it may almost be said to make it an art, or a profession. A good mendicant, like a good salesman, studies his customers, discovers their weak points, if he can, and trades upon them. A French writer, who has given much attention to the subject, describes at some length the skillful methods by which such people—who get their living by "pauperculture"—play upon the superstitions of their victims.

There is a common notion that giving alms brings good fortune.

"Go to the Sorbonne," says our French author, "on the days of examination for the bachelor's degree. See the collegians, each with his dictionary under his arm, on his way to make the famous Latin version, on the success of which all his future depends. A cloud of beggars settles down upon them.

"'A sou, monsieur, a morsel of bread. It will bring you happiness.'

"The candidate hurries on.

"'You will be blackballed, monsieur,' the beggar continues.

"The sinister prediction always takes effect; the collegian pulls out his purse, and the beggar turns away chuckling."

The same thing is seen at the Hotel-de-Ville on the days of examination for a certificate of ability for teaching; and when there are no examinations going on, there may be races; and hither go the beggars; for gamesters and sporting men are famous for their superstitions.

Hard to Say.

Even in the present age of enlightenment and progress, there are always people who are not as fully informed as they desire to be.

An American who had spent much of his time among the Indians of this country, found himself, during a visit to England, seated at a table next a genial and talkative woman, who seemed thirsting to hear of all his thrilling experiences.

"And now about the wigwams," she said, anxiously, at one point of the narrative with which he was endeavoring to entertain her; "are they so very venomous, or have I read exaggerated reports?"

"I have never known," the traveler says, "what she thought she was talking about, or what in my confusion I said in reply."

Nest of a Tree Ant.

The nests of an extraordinary tree ant, Ecophylla smaraina, are cunningly wrought with leaves, united together with web. One was observed in New South Wales in the expedition under Capt. Cook. The leaves utilized were as broad as one's hand, and were bent and glued to each other at their tips. How the insects manage to bring the leaves into the required position was never ascertained, but thousands were seen uniting their strength to hold them down, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying the gluten that was to prevent them returning back. The observers, to satisfy themselves that the foliage was indeed incurvated and held in this form by the efforts of the ants, disturbed the builders at their work, and as soon as they were driven away the leaves sprang up, with a force much greater than it would have been deemed possible for such laborers to overcome by any combination of strength. The more compact and elegant dwelling of Ecophylla virescens is made of leaves, cut and masticated until they become a coarse pulp. Its diameter is about six inches. It is suspended among thicket foliage and sustained not only by the branches on which it hangs, but by the leaves which are worked into the composition, and in many parts project from its outer wall.

EEL THAT LIKED MILK.

He Was Slippery, but Dry Ashes Finally Caught Him.

Abner Hammell is a famous fisherman of Irvington, N. J., whose fish and snake stories occasionally get into the local papers to the amusement of the reader. The last story Abner tells is the most remarkable. Condensed from the lengthy narrative as it originally appeared the story is as follows, in the old man's own language:

"Dad Applegate got a fine cow last spring—one of the best cows I ever see. Fur a time she gave forty quarts of milk a day and kept fat. 'Long early in the summer she kinder fell off on the morning milkin', and kept gettin' wuss and wuss as the summer run along. She seemed to be all right durin' the day, but didn't produce in the night. Dad kep' her in the little barn down by the crick, and fur a while he had an idee that somebody was milkin' her durin' the night. I don't know but he 'spicioned me, fur he put a lock on the barn door and then come over the next mornin' and asked me to lend him my bunch of keys, sayin' he'd lost or mislaid his. Foxey, warn't he? You see he found the cow hadn't done no better in the night, and he wanted to find out whether I had a key to fit the lock. Things went on in the same way for a month or two, and one day I suggested to him that it might be that his cow was gittin' milked regular every night by a milk snake, and that he orter watch her. I 'greed to help him, but he said he'd do it alone, and he went down that night and set for four hours on a half-bushel measure watching the cow. Then he got tired and went in the house and turned in. Nex' mornin' the cow didn't let down mor'n two quarts of milk. Dad's got patience, and he watched the better part of the nex' night and he one follerin', and then he saw a sight that s'prised him, though it warn't so s'prisin' to me after I wa told about it.

"He thought the cow was actin' kinder queer, and, pulling the lantern up out of the nail keg he had it in, he flashed the light on her and saw what he thought was a big blacksnake standin' on its tail an' milkin' the cow. The light scart it an' it drops off and slips away in the dark corner. He looked high and low for it, but had to go to bed without gettin' another sight of it. Nex' night he got a shot at it with a rifle, but missed it, an' it got away. He didn't find out what it was till the follerin' night, and then he hit it fair with a Flobert bullet, and the ball glanced off the slippery eel. If it had been a snake it would have killed it, but it only dazed the eel long enough fer dad to see what it was.

"The eel looked to weigh about three an' a half pounds, an' as dad was about to pick it up and thinkin' what a good breakfast it would make, it gave a twist and slid through a hole in the side of the barn and drop't into the brook. Dad went fishin' fer that eel nex' day, and set up all night nearly watchin' fer it with an eel spear, but the eel was too cunning fer him, and nex' mornin' the cow gave fifteen quarts of milk, showin' what the eel had been in the habit of takin'. It went on that way fer weeks. If he wanted any milk in the mornin' he'd hev to set up all night with the cow, an' if he didn't set up the eel would come every time. He stop't up all the holes, an' the eel made new ones. He tried pizened milk, an' the eel wouldn't touch it. Then he knuckled under an' came to me fer advice. I jest told him to put some dry ashes under the cow an' he'd get the eel. He did it, an' the next day he found the eel layin' stiff in the barn. It hed got the ashes all mixed up with the slime and couldn't crawl. He cut the eel's throat and skinned it, an' I never saw a purtier eel. It was almost pure white, where other eel's meat is ginerally blue, an' he said it was the best tasting eel he ever hed. I know'd 'bout eels an' ashes when I was a boy. There's times when eels come out onto pasture land ter feed on crickets at night, an' an old German told me how to catch 'em. All he did was to make a wide strip of dry ashes twixt the pasture and the water and the eels could't cross it."

A Sufficient Cause.

The gentleman from Boston had gone to Kansas to grow up with the country, but somehow he left there quite suddenly. A Kansan in St. Louis was talking to a man there about the Bostonian's departure.

"We run him clean out of the State," said the Kansan.

"What was that for?"

"We had good reason to. He ought to be thankful we didn't hang him."

"What did he do?"

"Well, we had one of the biggest cyclones of the season just after he come, and he spoke of it as the 'wynd.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Some goodness is worse than some wickedness.

SASH WEIGHTS.

A Single Window May Have Nearly a Ton of Them.

There are few articles of more common use than sash weights, says the New York Sun. A few windows are still made to be held up with catches, just as there are still key-winding watches; but, like watches, their number is proportionately so small as to be scarcely appreciable. Sash weights are made of iron and lead. The iron weights are commonly made of tin scrap. Lead, being the heavier metal, is used in places where the weight space at command is not sufficient for iron counterbalances of the required weight.

Sash weights are made in regular sizes ranging from two pounds to thirty pounds, and under two pounds and over thirty they are made to order. Iron sash weights of the regular sizes are always made round; in sizes smaller or larger they are cast square. Lead weights are made both round and square in all sizes.

Sash weights of 150 to 200 pounds are not common, but they would not be considered remarkable. Weights are sometimes made 300 pounds up to 400 pounds. Thus there might be on a single sash window nearly half a ton of weights, and on a two-sash window more than three-quarters of a ton. So perfectly balanced are weights and windows that they can be raised and lowered easily. Heavy weights are never put in by guess, nor is it necessary to adjust them after they are in place. The sash is weighed before the counterbalances are ordered, and the weights are made of precisely the right proportion.

The production of sash weights depends upon the degree of activity in building. The total annual consumption in this country is probably about 150,000 tons. Weights are sent with all sashes exported to South America, or wherever they may go.

The aggregate weight of the counterbalances used in many of the larger modern buildings may be counted in tons. Thus in such a building as the Produce Exchange there are probably from sixty to eighty tons of sash weights; in the Hotel Majestic more than forty tons.

Duly Sanctioned.

At Fort Monroe some time ago, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship, twelve o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute: "It is twelve o'clock, sir." "Make it so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions and get sold, or that this was a bit of foolery got up to joke the land warriors. Some time after, a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered and, saluting the senior officer present, said, gravely: "Colonel, the Major's blind horse is dead." "Make it so," responded the Colonel with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the navy officers tell the story.

Weight of Various Metals.

Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot, and a one-inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 36,000; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 26,000. We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are, generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested. When equal weights of these two materials are compared it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds, the best ash 175,000 pounds, and some hemlock 200,000 pounds. Wood is bulky. It occupies ten or twelve times the space of steel. The best castings made or the United States navy have a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch. By solidifying such castings under great pressure a tensile strength of 80,000 to 150,000 pounds may be obtained.—Railway Review.

"Ter Die."

In one of the provincial hospitals the management adopted the system of having a tablet affixed to each bed, on which the doctor might write his directions about the patient.

One old fellow, who was being treated for rheumatism, was consumed with curiosity to know what was written about him, and when the nurse was called away managed to get a peep at the tablet.

When the nurse returned she was surprised to find him in dire distress, groaning and moaning.

"Oh, dear!—Oh, dear! I got ter die!—I got ter die!"

"What is it? Are you feeling worse?" she kindly inquired.

"N—not particular, mum," he groaned; "but I got ter die. The doctor have wrote it on my ticket."

The patient was relieved and the nurse amused when it was found the doctor had ordered some simple change of medicine, professionally adding the words: "Ter die"—three times a day.

There is only one duty a man cannot escape from: It is his duty to die, and make room for another, and he always does it.

The world is never entirely satisfactory to people, until they know their hour has come for leaving it.